



# Industrialization



👁 149 ✓ 10 ⭐ 11

## Chapter 1 by Ryan Austin McGrath

To color the sky  
with such vibrant hues  
as black and grey and white  
and block out the stains

that were the sun  
and cover the stars  
hiding away the moon  
and making us totally alone

## Chapter 2 by Harlander



It is our curse  
to touch the stars  
to reach the skies  
and spread our wings

we must drain the waters  
bring down the forests  
and stain the skies

Is it worth all  
the ruin for us

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Chapter 3 by Kenji

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The smoke that enveloped the city  
had not yet completely

We gladly welcome the dirt and grit,  
into our once warm and inviting home.

Ink splattered over our skies,  
The lost forests are no more,  
A grey cloud settles over the painting.  
Hide the warmth,  
Hide the beauty,  
Hide the life that it used to be.

The coffee stains mark the buildings,  
that go higher,  
higher,  
higher,  
Eventually, they touch the blanket of grey,  
that seals the morbid feeling of death within our city.

#### Chapter 4 by A Sv



The stains of the Bourgeoisie,  
Clouds thick for all to see,  
They strike down mother nature,  
As if man hates her.

But we don't notice,  
It's always products more for the populace,  
And we've learned to see no evil,  
Even when it's all around.

Now, our children will never know,  
What nature can really show,

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Chapter 5 by Deneb 8

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Heads splattered on concrete and the bodies of the children

really we were meant to float  
upwards  
, or back  
somewhere our own  
a place we can rest, smell the components,  
of a metaphor  
or a crumbling skyscraper, filled with 'screamers'

### Chapter 6 by I am a Pangolin



Burned bodies litter the ground.

### Chapter 7 by Erin Panjer



Back, turn back before moving on again!  
Just o'er a century ago in the west,  
the lives of people digging in the dirt,  
maybe we forget- just how we got to now?

Children, worked and died young.  
Where there's a need and if bright,  
there must be ways to ease the plight-  
what foresight must we draw upon our machines?

An island we created, an extended hand!  
Eased the sting of brutal nature,  
a utopia on the horizon,  
a moon up in the sky.

Horrors came and horrors passed

blackened a paradise of innocence  
What heeded not the hand that

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What foresight must we draw upon our machines?

our lives have gotten fatter, slower.  
Our mothers off to work our father's stoke her.  
Meaning, slowed into a complacent being.

We need to dream. Imagination is there to save us,  
individually who is to blame us; those who rode the path before,  
who brought into us metal bodies,  
and electric wires to extend our voices.

Now that the house has fallen,  
our culture has fled into the workplace,  
our parents compete to take up the same space,  
and with each other they are sore.

Now that this has come, the old monsters,  
free to roam.

When power is free to form,  
against the will of the individuals.

What horrors are hiding, at the party now, just waiting?

Science our saviour is more often caught,  
first in perceptive train of thought,  
then within a large plot...  
the children of the future lay.

1 Billion to 7 Billion people in 150 years,  
after all of our eye blink human history.  
Keep your eyes on the skies now,  
because the mud, the mud is what we were fleeing from.

Chapter 8 by MudCat



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To build is our conquest  
To destroy our desire  
Enslavement our result  
Freedom we inspire.

In circles of passions  
We reach for the light  
But as adrift on the seas  
There is none in sight.

**the end**

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